PERHAPS.

He:

Perhaps the stars may cease to shine,
Perhaps the sun may set
To rise no more; or, darling mine,
Perhaps you may forget.

She:

Perhaps, if sun and stars should die,
My love might live for aye.
Perhaps, in Hope's sweet by and by
Your fears may pass away.

Both:

Perhaps we'll walk, through long, long years,
Life's pathway side by side,
'Neath sunny sky, or cloud of tears,
Whichever shall betide.
Perhaps we will, and, if we do,
We may, perhaps, agree
To measure life, and living, too,
By God's eternity.

GRIF.

OLD GRAVES, THE SHOWMAN.

"Now you're talking sense," said J. A. Graves, or "Old Graves," as he is known to showmen in this country and in Europe, when a *Times* reporter yesterday suggested that the orang-outang was a wonderful animal. "Wonderful," resumed the aged but yet sprightly showman, "is no term far-reaching enough to express the sagacity and learning of that, I may say, fellow-creature. You will pardon my show of affection for them as a class, because my recollections of them are all pleasant and of the most endearing kind. They are more faithful and honest than men or women, and besides have helped me out of many a scrape when I wanted money badly. I quit the show business two years ago and retired to a quiet life, merely floating through life, as it were, with my corn and bunion wafers, but I am half inclined at times to go into business again with an orang-outang and make some money. I am now seventy-one years of age—a pretty "old boy," perhaps—but I am full of life and fun. Years ago Hayworth, who was a partner of mine, and myself had a show where the Howard House, in Chatham street, now stands, and where I now have rooms. We were showing snakes and had a fine orang-outang. Although I have handled hundreds of snakes, I don't fancy talking about them, but the orang-outang always has a place in my mind. I talked about the 'missing link' long before Darwin ever thought of it, and have an idea that I can explain in my common, homely manner more about what is now called Darwinism than the author himself. I used to deliver a lecture when I exhibited an orang-outang, and I always challenged the physicians and professors of anatomy to prove to me that I was wrong when I claimed that the orang-outang was the 'missing link.' I am, and have always been, open to conviction, but I have failed to find any man who could successfully dispute the point with me. I would claim that the formation of an orang-outang was exactly similar to the human form divine, with the exception, of the caudal appendage. I have made the orang-outang stand forth in many cities and towns as the greatest curiosity of the age, and can do it again. What do you say to that, Brunnell?" asked the veteran showman, who first met Brunnell when he was peddling candy in a circus in 1852. The stalwart showman of to-day replied that he had no doubt that Graves could do what he said.

"Well, as I was saying," began the veteran again, "Hayworth and I were in the show business in Chatham street, and when we sold our snakes I felt that we ought not to part with that orang-outang. That little girl—I mean the young orang-outang—had found a place in my heart. Hayworth was taken sick, and our funds were getting very low. I was downhearted myself, and Hayworth and I talked over our future prospects while he lay in bed deathly sick. I suggested that I should go to Albany and discover a place if possible where we might show the little girl. Hayworth told me to go ahead. When I reached Albany it was terribly cold, the snow being three feet deep. I began to skate around that wonderful city, climbing up that never-to-be-forgotten hill, and sliding down on my back in search of a place. I saw a man standing in front of a picture gallery rubbing his ears. I asked him whether business was good. He said that it was very bad. I told him I would like to have the use of his gallery in which to exhibit the Wild Girl of Sumatra for a few days. He opened his eyes in astonishment and his hair began to bristle up in alarm. He showed me his gallery and said that he would be compelled to take the carpets and pictures out, and that would call for considerable work. I told him that was just what I didn't want him to do. 'Leave the carpets and pictures where they are,' I said, 'and what will you charge a day for the use of the gallery?' 'Twenty-five dollars,' answered the man, no doubt expecting me to fall in a fainting fit. 'I'll take it,' I said quickly. I had only a dollar in my pocket. In fact that was all the money I had in the world. I returned to New York to get the little girl. When I told Hayworth what I had done he threw up his hands and cried, 'You've ruined me; you've ruined me.' I replied in the negative as calmly as I could under the circumstances. The next day the orang-outang and myself were on the way to Albany. I had her neatly and becomingly attired. She wore shoes and stockings, pantalettes, white skirt and silk dress, and had a hood and cloak which she put on when going into the street to ride in a coach. When I had placed her safely in the picture gallery I looked after my signs and advertisements. I put an advertisement in the Albany *Knickerbocker* calling attention to the fact that the most wonderful curiosity in the known world, the Wild Girl of Sumatra, had arrived in Albany, and would hold levees at the picture gallery, which was in Main street, I think. I also put an advertisement in the Albany *Evening Journal*, of which Mr. Thurlow Weed was then the editor. I tried to get a notice in that paper, but the city editor wouldn't oblige me, saying that my Wild Girl of Sumatra was some orang-outang or other fraud. I tried to assure him that the 'wild girl' was the pure, unadulterated 'missing link,' but he said he had no time to listen to lectures upon rats and monkeys. On the first day of the show I took in $40, and felt satisfied that I would be successful in my venture.

"On the day following I called at the office of the *Evening Journal* and requested the honor of an interview with Mr. Thurlow Weed. I was rather dubiously received, but as I did not threaten to deliver a lecture I found favor in the famous jonrnalist's eyes. I said, 'Mr. Weed, we think we have the greatest curiosity in the world. I would like you to see the Wild Girl of Sumatra.' Then I told him that a well-known professor of anatomy in this State, who lived in Albany, would be at the picture gallery at two o'clock that afternoon and he would no doubt be pleased to explain the wonderful animal to him. When Mr. Weed heard the name of the professor, who was his friend, mentioned, he said that he would certainly attend. I offered to send a carriage for him, but he declined the use of one, saying that he would walk to the picture gallery and would be on time. I made tracks as fast as possible for that professor's house and told him that Mr. Weed intended to visit me that afternoon at two o'clock to see the Wild Girl of Sumatra, and that it would be a great honor to have him examine the animal in Mr. Weed's presence. I offered to send a carriage for him, but he said it would not be required. He would be delighted to meet Mr. Weed, whom he much admired. He lived in the Delavan House, and said that he was so close at hand that he would be in attendance at the time fixed. He was at the picture gallery, however, ahead of time and was in raptures over the little girl. He was thus absorbed when Mr. Weed entered. The distinguished journalist merely glanced at the orang-outang and with a smile of derision turned away and looked at a picture. He puffed his cigar in an angry way and I began to edge toward the room in the rear. Suddenly I heard the professor say, 'Why, Mr. Weed, I'm delighted to see you. Then I saw the professor point to the orang-outang and heard him gush forth with 'That is the most wonderful creature I ever saw. Charming, wonderful, my word for it, Mr. Weed.' The professor then went into a minute examination of the animal, explaining with all the enthusiasm of an accomplished anatomist that it was one of the wonders of the earth. 'Marvelous!' said Mr. Weed, as the little girl took a seat at a small table and began to eat cold rice pudding with a spoon from a dish; 'marvelous!' and he surveyed her with such astonishment that I was almost paralyzed. Both Mr. Weed and the professor shook me warmly by the hand and they patted the little girl from Sumatra on the head and took their departure. The next day almost a column appeared in the *Evening Journal* about my girl. The article was evidently written by Mr. Weed himself, and the popularity of the Wild Girl of Sumatra arose in the public estimation about 500 per cent. For a week I took in about $300 a day. I had made arrangements to go to Syracuse and the fame of my wonderful curiosity had preceded me. The hall which I had engaged was crowded in the afternoons and evenings and my receipts rose to about $500 a day. I always believed in Barnum's way of doing things, and when I went to a city or town I took rooms at the best hotel, had the finest coach I could secure, and had an advertising wagon that was gorgeous. I invited the most learned men in the place to see the wild girl and at once put myself upon a footing with the aristocracy.

"I had twelve different costly dresses for the orang-outang," continued Mr. Graves, "and neat-fitting shoes and fancy stockings. The principal of the high school in Syracuse came to see me and said that his pupils were very anxious to see the Wild Girl of Sumatra in the school-house. I was asked what I would charge to exhibit her there, and, feeling that I should knock of something for the cause of education, said that I would show her for $100. The principal said that the fee was a little too high, and offered me $75. That sum I accepted after the principal had told me that the school was not a rich one. I attired the little girl in her best clothes, and entering a coach was driven to the school-house. The street was crowded with people when I arrived there. When I got out of the coach with Millie—that was my girl's name—on my arm I had as much as I could do to force my way through the crowd. Millie wore her cloak and hood and looked as wise as a Sunday-school teacher. She sat at a little table on the platform, and was calm and interesting as she could be. The audience was delighted. Wherever we went the receipts were large, and Hayworth and myself coined money. In one city a crowd got around my partner in the hotel late at night, and were talking about the Wild Girl of Sumatra. Hayworth told them at that time she was asleep in the same bed with myself. This seemed to amuse them immensely, and a few in the crowd begged him to permit them to look into my bedroom and see for themselves. True to a showman's instincts, he trifled with their feelings by saying that it was impossible, that the girl never liked to be disturbed in her dreams, and that I was a regular raging wildcat if my rest was broken. At length, after they had each offered him $5 to witness the orang-outang sleeping in the same bed with me, he took the money and they noiselessly crept up to my room. When the door was opened they saw the Wild Girl of Sumatra and myself in bed. She, with her black head resting on the white pillow close to the wall, and I, half awake on the outside, was a scene that caused them to break forth into uncontrollable laughter. Their sides shook until the house trembled, and, of course, the girl and myself sat up in bed, and, rubbing our eyes, looked at them. Poor thing! she died on my hands after two years, and was accorded a decent burial. I shall never forget the kind manner in which she always treated me. I never saw her mad but once. I used to watch her all the time, but one day Hayworth's wife said to me: 'Graves, why don't you go down to the dining-room and get a good dinner!' She promised to look after Millie, and I started down the staircase. I had not gone far, however, when I heard a great racket. Hurrying up-stairs to the room, I saw Hayworth's wife standing in the centre of it with a small whip in her hand and as pale as a ghost. The white bed-spread was covered with ink and Millie was sitting on the top of one of the bed-posts. The little girl had picked up my inkstand as soon as I had left the room, and had shied it at Hayworth's wife. Then to avoid the whip she had climbed up the bed-post. In a few minutes I had pacified the orang-outang, and she was rubbing her ink-spattered head over my white vest.

Ask a pig to dinner, and he will put his feet on the table.

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to answer certain inquiries of the same nature in each issue of our paper. While we cheerfully furnish information to subscribers in this column, we suggest that much labor, time, and expense may be saved both to ourselves and to our correspondents, if the latter and other subscribers would keep a file of the paper. They could then, at any time, turn to the file and probably find the very inquiry answered about which they would have written to us. We trust that each and every subscriber will profit by this suggestion.

O. A. W., OMAHA, NEB.—Having incurred your injury while serving in the *enrolled* Missouri Militia, a State organization, and not mustered into the United States service, you are not entitled to pension, because you did not file your application therefor before July 4, 1874.

"INQUIRER," DUBUQUE, IA.—The organization known as "United States Volunteers," consisted of six regiments, and was composed of deserters and prisoners of war from the Confederate army. The members are not entitled to bounty, but are on the same footing as to pension as those who enlisted originally in a Federal organization.

Mrs. A. W. E., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—There is no law granting pension to the mother of a deceased soldier of the war with Mexico.

J. H. H., MEMPHIS, TENN.—I deserted from the Confederate army and joined a Pennsylvania regiment. Q. Am I entitled to bounty? A. If you have not received any bounty, you are entitled to the same bounty as was provided by law for enlistment at the date of your entering the Federal Army, provided you did not forfeit same by desertion or other misconduct.

Mrs. HELEN C., RONDOUT, N. Y.—The mother of a soldier who lost his life while in the service, or who has died since his discharge, of a disability contracted while in the Military or Naval service and in the line of duty, is entitled to pension, provided her son left neither widow nor child under sixteen years of age surviving him, and she was wholly or in part dependent upon him for support at the date of his death.

J. E. W., CHESTER, PENN.—I had a step-son who was killed at Gettysburg. I was wholly dependent upon him for support, and am now in my seventy-eighth year. Am I entitled to a pension? A. No; there is no law providing pension for the stepfather of a deceased soldier. Your petition to Congress for a special act might receive favorable consideration.

MISS A. C., KNOXVILLE, TENN.—My two sisters and myself were under sixteen years of age at our father's death, and our mother died before the war. We have never had a guardian appointed, and my youngest sister is now over twenty-one years of age. Is it too late for us to apply for a pension? A. We advise you to apply.

MARY E. W., WESTON, MO.—I have one child for whom I have not drawn the extra pension of $2 a month. He was born in January, 1850. Q. Am I not entitled to draw the extra allowance for said child? A. No; because the law allowing widows extra pension for children did not pass until July 25, 1866, and at that date your boy was over sixteen years of age. Under the provision of the said law the extra pension for children cannot be allowed for any period prior to the date of its passage.

JAS. H. S., RICHMOND, IND.—I was acting as First Lieutenant from August, 1864, to January, 1865, at which latter date I received my commission, but was not mustered on it until the middle of April. I have received Lieutenant's pay only from the date of muster. Am I not entitled to officer's pay from August, 1864? A. You are entitled to First Lieutenant's pay from *the date of the receipt by you of your commission* in January, 1865, but will have to obtain an office-muster at the War Department dating your commission back. The War Department will not recognize you as an officer from a date earlier than that of receiving your commission.

SAMUEL V. N., OBERLIN, O.—My son died in 1870 of consumption contracted in the army, and Commissioner Bentley allowed me a pension only from the date of his death. My son had almost completed his claim. Why was not I entitled to receive my son's pension? A. Because your right to a pension did not accrue until your son's death.

Mrs. M. E. C., LEXINGTON, KY.—My claim for allowance of ration-money for the time my husband was in rebel prison has been rejected because I remarried. Is this action in accordance with law? A. Yes; but if you have children by your deceased husband they can draw the allowance, or if there are no children to claim, then, your husband's parents may claim, and if no parents then, and lastly, the brothers and sisters of your husband.

OLIVER, O. D., LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—The rating for loss of arm at or above the elbow, or loss of leg at or above the knee, is $24 a month; in case of amputation at the hip joint, the rating is $37.50.

*** Remaining answers next week.

ARTFUL MAIDS.

Thirty-five Vassar girls graduated as "Bachelors of Arts." It would not do to change the title to "Old Maids of Arts," would it?—*Exchange.*

No; but perhaps "Artful Maids" might fill the bill, and leave something over.

A pair of stock-kings—Gould and Vanderbilt.—*Wall Street News.*

Yes, a pair of "darned" bad ones.—*Sterling (Kas.) Bulletin.*

And if they are "d——d" of course they are not holey.—*Ed.*

Let the hen live, though it be with a pip.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven.

Covetousness bursts the bag.

It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing.

The term is equally applicable to all ranks: whoever is ignorant is vulgar.

A soldier had better smell of gun-powder than musk.

A bad coat covers a good drinker.

Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy.

Less of your courtesy and more of your purse.

TO REMOVE GREASE.

You can get a bottle or a barrel of oil off of any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buckwheat plentifully and faithfully. Never put water or liquid of any kind to such a grease spot.

BEWARE!

Beware! beware! O maiden fair,
When idly you go straying
With Cupid's darts, lest human hearts
Make true the olden saying—
That danger lies in keen-edged t
When handled by the young, or f

Beware! beware! O Maiden fair
When carelessly you trifle
With love's sweet flow'r, lest hate
Its tender growth shall stifle,
And leave but bitterness and tear
To follow you through weary yea